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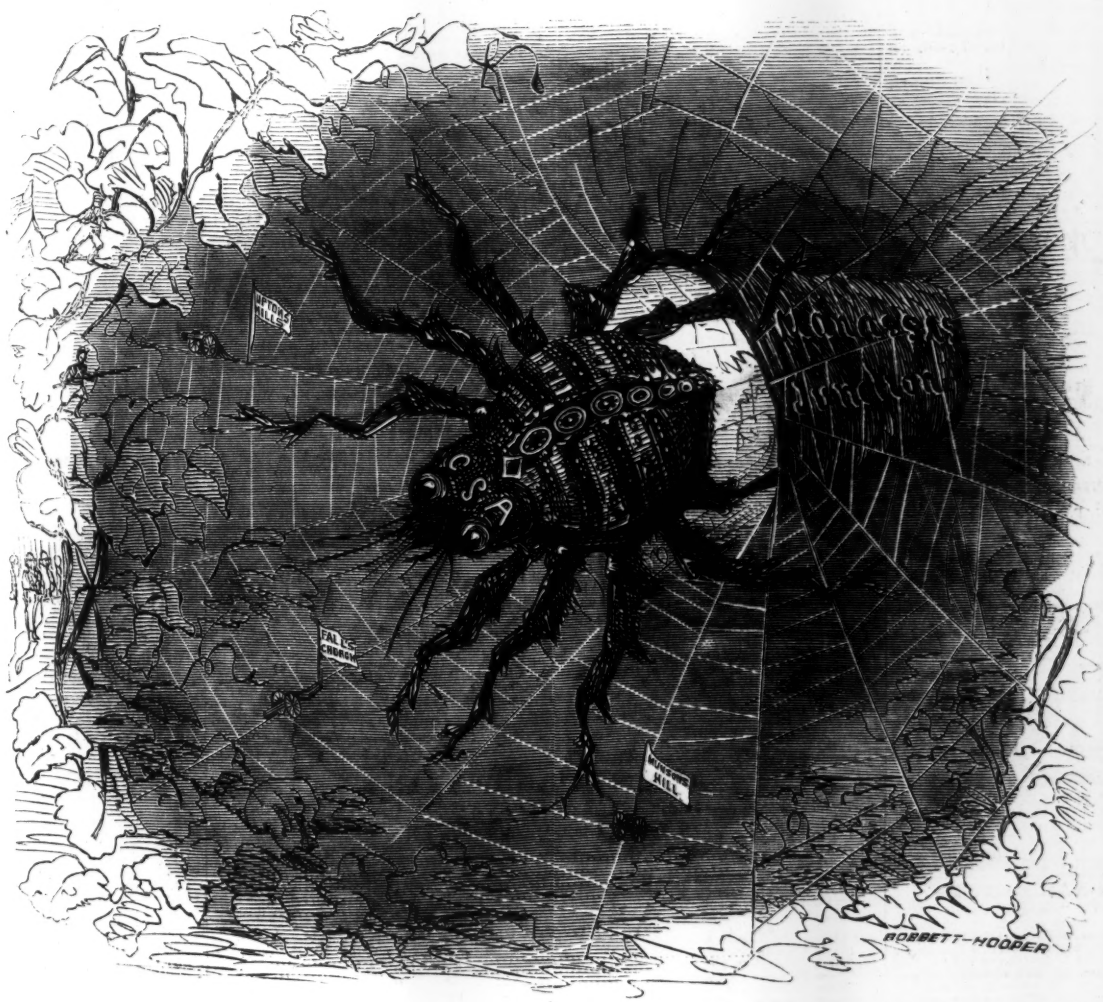
VOL. 4. NO. 94

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

OCTOBER 12,

1861.



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July 29, 1850.

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I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectations in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy. More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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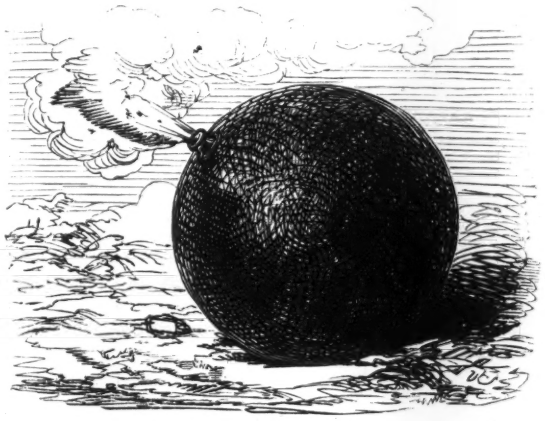


THE BALL ABOUT TO OPEN.

VANITY FAIR'S TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

V. F. has been there; V. F., unwilling to receive as authority the speculations of others, girded up his loins, and one fine morning, some two weeks past, smiled blandly upon the exterior of WILLARD'S, at Washington. Entering the portals in our usual majestic manner, we failed to encounter the individual who demanded from our beloved ARTEMUS twenty-five cents for a look; and in justice to CHADWICK, the-magnificent-and-unapproachable-to-the-common-herd, permit us here to say, he answered a question without demanding the customary fee of fifty cents, as also reported by WARD. Incidentally, however, we may here observe, in the course of the day we met an *attaché* of the establishment, who seemed to be clothed in a very improper frame of mind and body, and who politely informed us his name was HICKMAN, and that in consideration of the tightness of the times he only played now on the White, as the Red seemed to be "rayther skeerce," and whom we immediately engaged as a special correspondent. V. F. therefore will shortly rival the *Home Journal* in the spirituality and piquancy of its correspondence from Washington, unless MANTALINI'S greater social influence and table-cloth-between-wards superiority for obtaining information drives "Our Own" from the field.

What V. F. saw, and the numerous perils of flood, field, and etc. then and there encountered, we have neither time nor space to tell. We went there, as we have observed, to see with our own eyes, hear with our own ears; to have a chat with the celebrities; sit at the same table with MANTALINI; gaze wistfully and longingly, as he did, at the Prince, the Count, the Duke; stand afar off and note the serpentine crowd writhing for an interview with the dispensers of the public funds; note the slimy thousands who were there ready to barter their body, soul, and manliness for one grasp at the monetary crib; and contemplate with grief how immeasurably dwarfed the great men of cities, villages, and boroughs become, when all are inextricably involved in the corrupting atmosphere of Government patronage. Of course we wished to survey the land; examine critically the bearings of the public's servants; calmly look into the eyes of the Chief who rules the Department of War; listen to the honied and impressive language of the State Department; ignore the "Interior," into which we looked, and found, like Sir Charles Coldstream with Vesuvius, "nothing in it;" glide gently into the golden influence which pervaded the "Treasury," and be awed into insignificance by the Homeric beauty of him of the Navy.

And so one fine morning we bent our steps toward the War Department; too modest to ask any questions, we threw ourselves into the stream in the avenue about 10 A. M., and as a matter of course soon reached the haven of many hopes. Through the doors and up the stairs over which so many anxious feet have trodden, we suffered ourself to be swept onward with the eager crowd—"at last; at last," we murmured—and so it proved to be; for unconscious of any design upon the Honorable Secretary, save a laudable curiosity, we discovered that we were really the last, and that the antechamber was almost filled by those who were eagerly expectant for an interview.

In the distance we saw the Son of Pennsylvania—between us a dense mass—already the wolves were upon their prey—hours of delay were evidently before us, and time being precious, we essayed a trial of our art. We waved our magic wand; the mass fell back to the right and left, affording barely room for our lithe and agile figure to pass along; we reached the portal—we stood face to face with the Controlling Spirit—we bent down our beauteous form, and in silver accents briefly ejaculated, "General!"

"Wait your turn, sir!" came forth a voice, mellifluous and clear.

For one moment we paused: V. F. has its moments of weakness: proudly overcoming the desperate thoughts that then flashed through its vast mental organization, it forbore to chide, but stooping lowly, whispered with a gentle voice into the ear of the Honorable Secretary, the words that thrilled him to the marrow, "But we are VANITY FAIR!"

The crowd around him fell back in awe as they saw the fearful expression that passed over the face of the H. S., and one facetious individual remarked, *sotto voce*, "Look out for war!"

"Can such things be and overcome us, etc., etc.," said Simon, as he gazed into the pellucid depths of our sinister eye.

"We need scarcely observe to you," we said in our blandest manner, "Such is life."

"Gentlemen," said Simon, "fall back, if you please, I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban."

Back went that peerless crowd of irreproachable men, who had been hovering on the outskirts for, oh! ever so long, for the chances, and now a retiring but handsome youth, slightly hirsute, without a friend to back him, not even a favor to ask, and totally destitute of contracts; but holding, it was evident, in his hand, the string that guided him to the den of the Minotaur, stepped lightly upon the throne of their bosom's lord.

There was a pause of several seconds. Our eyes met; need we say whose fell?

"Simon," we observed gently, "our time is limited, and so is yours."

"I'll give thee all, I can no more," he murmured.

"We don't belong to that crowd;" so saying, we glanced proudly around; "and yet, great chief, we are of Pennsylvania birth."

"Ha!" said he, as a lambent smile played o'er his jaded brow, "Ha! then you are—you are—a judge of whiskey?"

Imagine his delight, when with a beaming visage we replied, "We are."

Then, said he, impressively, slapping his hand upon his portfolio and rising, "let's take a nip."

We adjourned to an inner chamber. That interview must be ever sacred. Need we observe, however, we had a good time, and as we passed out from the presence-chamber through the expectant crowd, which by this time had become fearfully large, a hum of delight greeted our ears, as they saw the benevolent expression upon the countenance of him from whom we had just parted, over whom we had cast the ægis of our mirthful protection, and who was thus fully prepared to sustain the pressure upon him with a fervent and earnest resolution to do his duty, despite the clamors of the New York Union Defence Committee.

As we reached the door we turned, and in our most impressive manner exclaimed, "Simon!"

"Here!" said he, as he leaped to his feet in the style of our eminent tragedian, when, as Damon, he jumps upon the scaffold.

"Do your duty and fear not; remember what said Montrose:

> "'He either fears his fate too much
> Or his desert is small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch
> To win or lose it all.'

"Chief of the Winnebag—we mean clan Cameron—our blessing be upon you. Do your duty to the country, and count us in. Farewell, until we meet to-night in Presbury's private office."

[To be continued.]

From our special Peri.

Among the stunning effects in the new piece at LAURA KEENE'S theatre, there is a scene called in the bills "The Peerless Lake of Water Lilies." We hope that the Seven Sons won't get wrecked in this piece of water. A Lake destitute of a Pier is a bad place to get adrift in.

New Music.

The Anvil Chorus. By A. SMITH, (Author of EDWIN of Deira.)

The Game Dramatic.

French Cribbage. By DION BOUCICAULT.

AIRY.

Unassuming Person.—ARE YOU RECRUITING HERE?

Defender.—YA-AS.

U. P.—WELL, DON'T YOU WANT TO RECRUIT A FINE MANLY PERSON, SOMETHING IN THIS STYLE, FOR AN OFFICER; SAY A LIEUT.-COLONEL, OR COLONEL, OR ANY LITTLE POSITION OF THAT KIND?

Defender (with an appreciative air).—YOUNG MAN, TAKE MY ADVICE; DON'T LET YOURSELF GO TOO CHEAP—YOU'RE VALUABLE, YOU ARE.

Extreme Destitution.

The want impending over the Confederacy must be beginning to make itself frightfully felt. Some despairing wretch, in the beginning of delirium, has actually been found to counterfeit the Treasury notes of the C. S. A. This is more hopeless than the endeavor of the man "out West" to steal Indiana money below par.

Or, perhaps, it is an astute device of the authorities to give a factitious value to their paper, by making the people believe that it is worth counterfeiting.

An Ugly Plug.

HOLMES, the Autocrat, has been doing what he ought not. At any rate, if there is anything in his Fable, in the last *Atlantic*, about the incisors, and canines, and grinders, as applied to the Great Rebellion, which ought not to be eschewed as in bad taste, we don't see it. We have always loved you, OLIVER; if we do so still for your usually genial and refined humor, and other good qualities, it will have to be now, in spite of your Teeth.

Don't drop the H.

The right to hang Northerners and burn negroes is claimed by the rebels, and in consideration of this fact it seems to us that a certain standard motto or watchword which the assassinating crew have adopted, ought to be varied so as to read—

Strike for your Halters and your Fires.

Electoral Privileges.

The Richmond papers are urging the manufacture of shoes made of canvass. Voters will no doubt hail with gratitude the only opportunity granted by the oligarchy to the people of having its understanding fairly canvassed.

MORE MEN!

More men! More men! let the cry go forth,
Through the sturdy West and the stalwart North;
Let sweep through the prairies the martial strain
Till its echoes resound from the hills again.

Ho! men, come up! ye are needed now,
For the Southern Palm its head must bow,
And the Southern crest must fall in fight
When they meet again our Northern might.

Come forth! ye hardy men of steel!
And feel the joy that patriots feel;
Come forth prepared to strike the blow
And shatter the strength of the Southern foe.

Ye have nobly done, but worthier deeds
From her patriot sons, our Country needs;
And shoulder to shoulder, and stride with stride
Ye must march to war from each dear fire-side.

Leave wife and children alone with God;
If the blow must come, he will temper the rod
Leave home and friends, leave all and fly,
When your country shouts her battle-cry.

Oh! better come death in its deadliest form
Than seek dishonor to shun the storm;
And better a grave on Southern soil,
Than your lands to ruin, your homes to spoil.

Come forth with your right arm nerved for fight!
For never was cause more grand and right;
Come forth in the strength of the saints of old
And fight till the life in your heart turns cold.

Then wake, Oh! freemen! Awake to the hour
Let the Old World shudder to see your power,
Let the Southron tremble and veil his eyes
When the mighty North shall at length arise.

Young men! to the front; gird your armor on;
And stand by the flag till her cause be won,
Come forth from the labor of garnered fields
And never return till the foeman yields.

And ye shall earn your honors well,
And the living voice of Time shall tell
How the cry to the North was answered loud,
And the haughty crest of the South was bowed.

BOTTLED THUNDER.

The new paper shortly to be issued from the office of the defunct *Day Book*, will—so at least we have heard—be entitled *The Concussion*.

Probably, therefore, it will make its own report.

In the meanwhile, however, we may so far anticipate the "joyful noise" as to say that a valuable treatise on the Tusks of Elephants will be furnished by the learned Dr. VAN IVORY; together with an Appendix, showing the intimate relationship of the *os calcis* with the Laws of Trade and the Spirit of Seventy-six. Ample space will also be given to able writers on the art of Chiaroscuro as applied to political canvass.

The Percussion Race,—by which phrase we describe the people now under arms in Virginia,—will, very naturally, become the theme for large discoursed criticism.

So great a point, in fact, will here be made, that all remarks on this subject will appear in Small Caps.

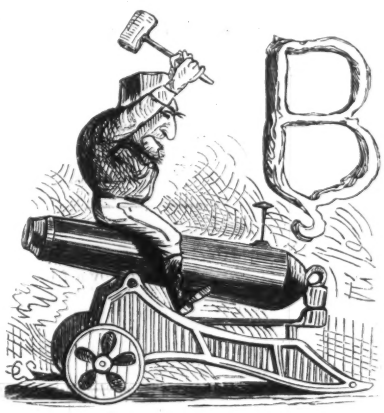
It is expected, moreover, that the *Concussion* will clear the air of whatever foggy delusions now pervade it, in reference to Constitutional Liberty and the Rights of Man; so that we shall all be able to perceive in the clear sunshine of logic, that "the cradle of the race" was a Nubian baby-jumper; that man was made for

cotton; that there's no place like the *os calcis;* and that America is, and of right ought to be, "the land of the free and the home of the slave."

Hoorah for the *Concussion!*

We will, however, even in the midst and, in point of fact, whirlwind of exuberant joy, recommend to the attention of its able editors, the remark of Mrs. SARA GAMP, in a moment of affliction. "He was born in a wale," she said, alluding to the absent Bailey; "he lived in a wale, and he must take the consequences of such a sitiwation."

HARDEE MADE EASY.



BARDS of the olden time enjoyed a great privilege in the alliterative as well as picturesque character of the weapons then employed and costumes worn by the warrior. Buckler, battle-axe, and bow had a twang about them far more musical than any of the hard technicalities connected with gunpowder such as "ram-rod," for instance; and few of our readers, we think, will deny that "buff-jerkin" is a much nicer word to introduce into a ballad than "big-breeches," although the latter is as typical of a particular kind of soldier as ever the former could have been.

Gunpowder is answerable for this; the Breaches made by it being both innumerable and big.

And yet there is a certain amount of poetry connected with the practice and movements of artillery—a poetry more fully manifested, however, to the savage than to the civilized mind. What, for example, could be grander than the conception of great gunnery attributed to a warrior of the swift Camanches, who, on being asked why he and his people had fled so wildly from the defence of a particular pass, replied that his tribe had fought a good fight as long as the question was one of rifle, but that they declined to waste any further attentions upon an enemy mean enough to unhitch a two-mule wagon and fire it at them? That was Camanche for mountain howitzer. These Indian languages are full of a sweet, wild poetry of their own.

The progressive improvement of artillery seems destined to effect an entire change in the modern practice of war. For, in more senses than one, the gunner who points a rifled cannon upon a bull's eye distant some five or six miles, and knocks it out, may be looked upon as one of the greatest levellers of the time in which he lives.

In a few years, probably, finer shooting than that will be made at a distance of twelve or fourteen miles: and then, people will have to give up fighting, and the Millerites will have a good opportunity to appoint a new day for that balloon pic-nic of theirs which has so often been postponed by them *sine* DIE.

REMARKS

ON THAT UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERY CALLED IN THE BILLS THE PRESTIDIGITATEUR AND HIS FEATS OF PRETERNATURAL PRESTIDIGITATION.

By Two Special Critics ordered for the purpose.

Ahem! . . . . . .

Prestidi—ahem! prestidigi—*ahem!* prestidigita—AHEM! prestidigitashy—AHEM! prestidigitation as performed in the present century by your and mein herr HERRMAN, the daring and accomplished—ahem! presti—ahem!—digitateur is altogether so; or, to be more explicit, partakes largely of the nature and attributes of a huge, monstrous, prodigious, gigantic or immense substance placed for an indefinite length of time upon the mirror-like surface of a cake of Rockland Lake ice—or any other ice.

As an egg is full of meat, or a Special Correspondent of war, or a Sixth Avenue car at five P. M. on the up-trip of passengers, so is the Accredited Gay Deceiver at the Academy of Music full of prestidi— never mind the rest. Well, he looks like it, and what if he does.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—perhaps the reader has heard of him—discovered—now you expect that we are going to say America, but it is not so—that a great deal depends upon success. In fact it has been proved time and again that success is everything to every man's undertaking. That is the great secret of Mister HERRMAN's success. He succeeds. Consequently he cannot fail to please, and to make a sensation, and money. He has all along aimed at success and has certainly succeeded in achieving it brilliantly. Now, this man, this German, this German man HERRMAN, is just like a man whom this country, or rather the people of this accomplished and fertile country, have been looking for, and want. Such a man is needed in the present crisis in those things—meaning National affairs. Affairs of this sort are at present, it may be, perhaps, superfluous to remark, in such a fixed fix that a man is needed who can and will do what nobody believes that any man can do, and what in reality nobody else can do. We want such a man in the Navy Department; we want such a man in Missouri; we want such a man All over. Mister HERRMAN can take large dishes of water and gold fish, good swimmers, out of a set of bandannas, and it stands to reason that, if he can do that, he could take the heart out of Secession in nine and a half minutes. He removes spots from afflicted playing cards, doubtless he could knock them out of the tainted rebel armies. He procures fancy articles for the million out of unsuspected hats, and of course he could pluck recruits by the thousand from the trees in the Old Park. He could make cannon balls of oranges, minié balls of peanuts, and rifled guns of clay pipes. He could hoodwink and bamboozle DAVIS and BEAUREGARD for the benefit of the Federal cause, just as readily as he has for three weeks past hoodwinked and bamboozled the New York public for the benefit of his own and the ULLMANN cause. Don't you see? Well! now let us use him to prestidigitate on National Affairs—which need such powerful prestidigitation.

Candidly, however, we must confess that HERRMAN is not what he might be—most men are, it is remarked, of that stamp. We remember at the time when we edited the *Assyrian Punster* and *Babylonian Express*—papers unequalled before or since—about 3500 years ago, there came to Babylon a Prestidigitateur from Thebes. This man exhibited in the theatre just then completed opposite the Tower—we think it was called the Tower House, and from which a novel now appearing in the Weekly *World* doubtless derives its title. Well, the Egyptian Prestidigitateur did this kind of business much better than either BLITZ, HELLER, ANDERSON or HERRMAN—and his receipts were larger. Indeed he made out very well, and then made off, and we never heard of him afterwards. He used to tell the number of hairs on a young man's head at a glance—which was more than the young party could do himself, or than anybody else could do for him. Occasionally he told the name of the eighth day of the week, and that was very wonderful. But the most wonderful faculty he possessed was that of telling what was the matter with a certain man's chickens in Gomorrah. He would request his audience, including the royal family, to guess one by one what was the matter with this man's fowls—diagrams of the birds being shown. After two hours and and a half had been consumed in guessing, the performer would commune with himself a few moments, and then, stepping forward to the orchestra, would inform the breathless public that there was nothing the matter with the Gomorrah man's chickens, but that they had all been sold.

This person was a conundrumist too, and could spell copiously. Altogether we are inclined to think that as a general prestidigitateur, he was before HERRMAN, who is nevertheless of a very good breed.

Mem. for Military Men.

Why should the watering places furnish the most men for the Army?

Because every one goes there to Recruit.

Accounted for.

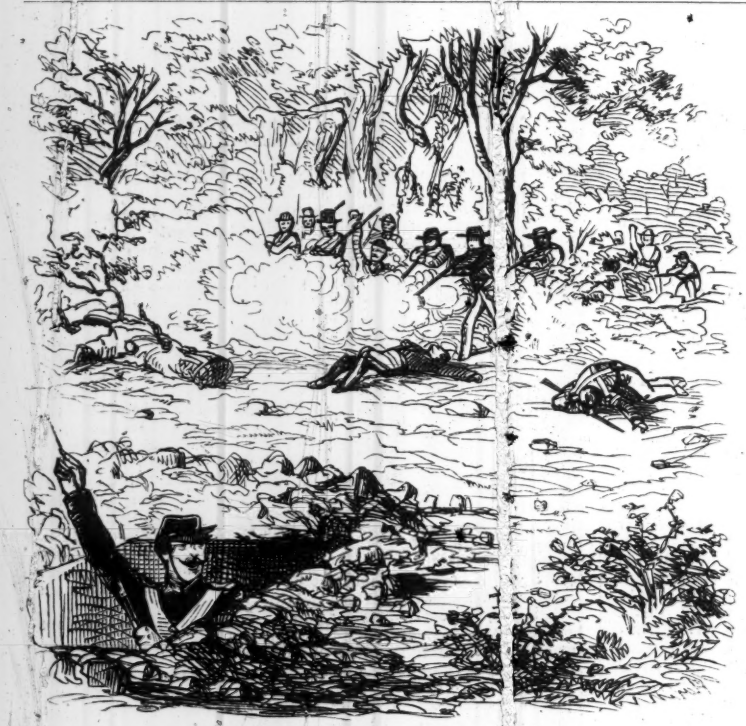
The poverty of Cape Cod farmers is easily accounted for. Not one of them can raise his Celery.

The Maternal Anxiety.

That infants, with a natural tendency to Fractiousness, may be got safely past the Tea-things.

From our Man about Town.

When you raise extra spirits at the Hotels, you tip the Waiters, not the Tables.



GREAT MILITARY FEAT.

Our Friend in the Army—(in spite of the popular belief that the thing can't be done)—ABSOLUTELY DOES SUCCEED IN FORMING HIMSELF IN A HOLLOW SQUARE.

A Melancholy Reverse.

When the editor of the *Herald* wants to be very funny, he speaks of the editor of the *Evening Post* as the "water-fowl poet" of that journal.

The cap, reversed, might fit the editor of the *Herald*, who, considering his well-known talent for versification and proclivity for aspersion, may well be called the "Foul Water Poet" of the journal over which he presides.

The Best Assurance.

The only Policy worthy of the name is based on the hope, that Party Engineers bent on smothering not only the sparks of Rebellion, but also the fiercer flames of Party strife, may see the necessity at this crisis, of devoting themselves with one accord, to Pailing their ineffectual fires.

Take care of Him.

AUGUSTUS is better. He had a slight relapse however, on being asked by a friend, "how if happens that VANITY FAIR is so prosperous, when everything and everybody else is so *short*?" "Of course," he replied, faintly, "it is because Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

The Herald's last Sensation.

The Washington Correspondent of the *Herald* has prophesied every other day for the past two weeks "a battle in twenty four hours," and it has not yet come off. More's the pity for the prophet who, it is generally supposed has the ear of the War Department. Oh (P) shaw! do better in future.

ENLISTMENTS vs. DRAFTING.

Notwithstanding the *Tribune* of 28th September, in one editorial commends Secretary CAMERON for "forbidding a resort to draft or conscription" in Iowa, and in the next column observes, "if they cannot be obtained by voluntary enlistment, the country must resort to drafting," V. F. suggests modestly to the Government that there is a way to procure voluntary enlistments, and about the only way now, which seems to have been overlooked by the military geniuses who edit the New York Dailies. Here is the proposition of Folly: please turn it over in your mind Mr. Wisdom, and see the extraordinary amount of common sense in it. V. F. tenders it to the Government, gratis.

You offer a bounty of One Hundred Dollars to every soldier at the expiration of three years service. You call upon him in one breath to enrol himself in the Army if he is destitute of employment, and in another breath you ask him to serve for sixty or ninety days before he touches a cent of his pay, and thus leave his family in a state of destitution, dependent upon charity for that space of time. Now here is the real secret of the failure to raise men to any amount. As long as the head of the family is at his post, they may, by combined efforts, at least keep themselves from utter want. Take him away, and employ all his energies elsewhere, with no possible opportunity of being able to look out for the chances of support, and you will find those whom he leaves will the more surely suffer. Now then for the proposition:

LET THE GOVERNMENT ADVANCE TO EVERY MARRIED MAN, FIFTY DOLLARS, OR ONE HALF THE BOUNTY, TO BE PAID OVER TO HIS WIFE, OR OTHER PERSON DULY AUTHORIZED TO RECEIVE IT, IMMEDIATELY UPON HIS BEING MUSTERED INTO THE SERVICE.

Do this at once, and there will be no difficulty in getting as many good men as the country now needs. It may be said there is a risk in this; men may desert, etc. Well, if the Government cannot afford to take that risk, with the set-off of the chance of not being called upon to pay the bounty at the end of three years to many, why then for the sake of saving ten millions by the timely expenditure of which two hundred thousand more men could be enlisted in thirty days, they may find they will sacrifice that which is now more valuable than money.

Fifty dollars, to every family with what they could earn outside, would be sufficient to keep them until the pay of the soldier was received, and this the Fool saveth, is the stern necessity which must be met. As to how it is to be done, he leaves to Wisdom, elsewhere, to devise the legal ways and means.

TOD.

The name of the People's Candidate for Governor in Ohio is TOD. He is very popular. In fact, they seem to be all "going" for him out that way. The new-born infants are named for him; there are TOD segars, TOD hats, TOD cloaks, TOD bonnets, TOD cravats, and Brandy Tods. Notwithstanding all the vain talk in Ohio about her superior native wines, we now see that she has to fall back on the old-fashioned TOD—TOD "straight." As Mr. SLEEKWIT in the Seven Sons aptly observes, "This is an awful wicked world, but a man must have his Tod." And in this connection we will commend the good sense of the people of Ohio in kicking party bosh to the winds, where it ought to have been kicked long ago, and electing a Governor of their own. Even the Sons of Temperance say they can't get along without their TOD.

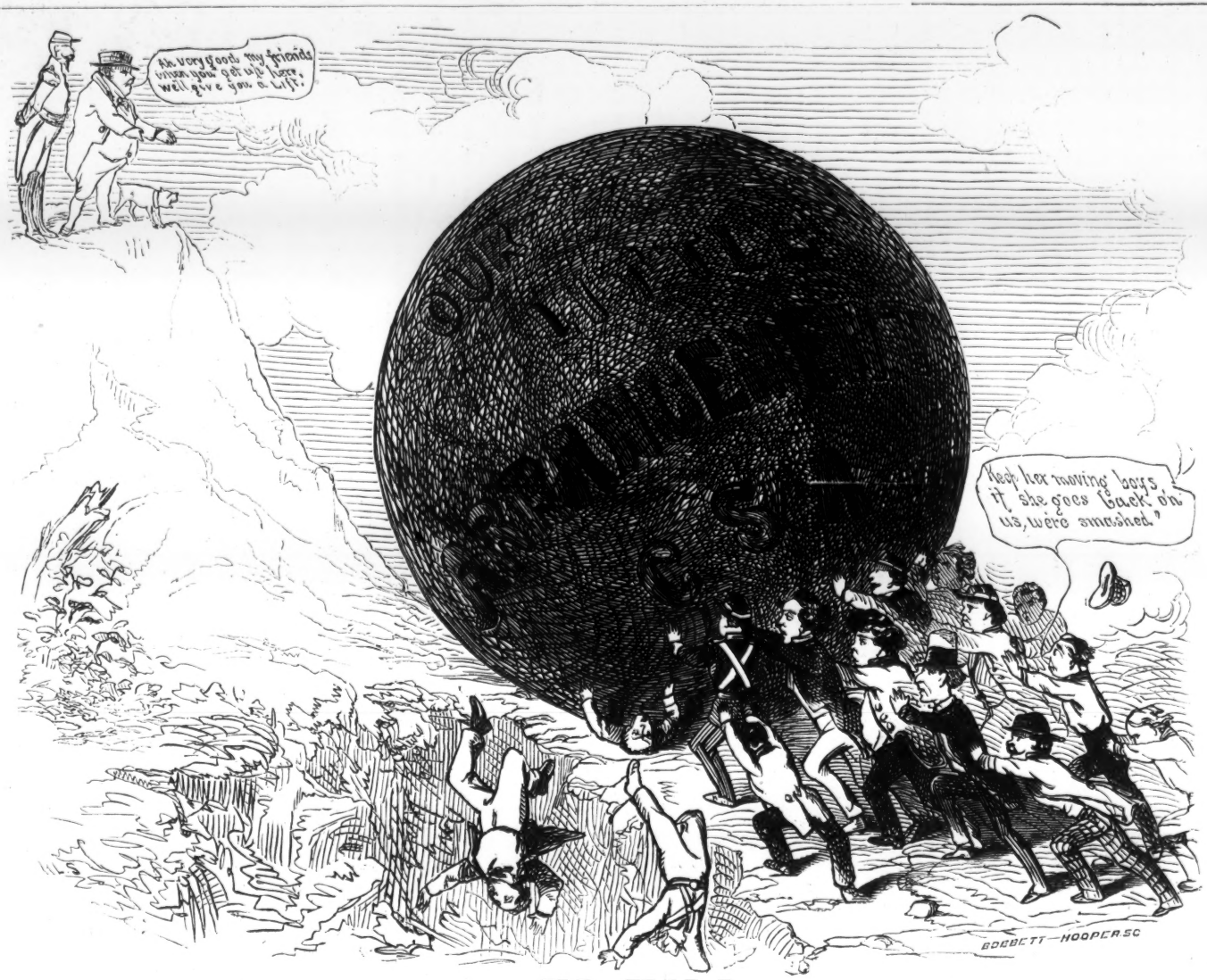
Hard on the Cuticle.

The Memphis *Avalanche* (lately like all other avalanches Come Down) in alluding to the "insiduous means" resorted to by "the accursed Yankees" to bring about "a reaction" in Tennessee, advises its readers to keep their eyes skinned for the detestable Northerners." What intense degree of agony, or what superlative amount of torture will be inflicted on the Yankees by the forcible removal of the cuticle from the visual organs of the Memphian Rebels, V. F. is unable to estimate, but if the schoolmaster has been abroad from the sunny South as much lately as of yore, the people will have all they can attend to in dotting their I's without a reference to the skinning process.

Sew-Sew.

The Federal Skir-machine—excellent for preliminary Basting.

VANITY FAIR.


Ah very good my friends when you get up here, we'll give you a lift.
Heap her moving boys, if she goes back on us, we're smashed.
BOBBETT—HOOPER SC

UP-HILL.

XUM

MRS. ROSS VISITS THE SACRED HEART (A CONVENT.)

EPISTLE 13TH.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 26th.

MR. VANITY :—Ive jest got an easy hint from JEDEDIAH, I shel put the lines he rit inside of my letter, so you ken read um for yourself.

BELOVED HITTY ;—For a young woman I should say you had kighted around as much as is good for your body and spirit. To think of your goin to Insane Hospitals, Convents, etc., etc., etc. SIMON and I have got pretty much talked out.

Jest as quick as I hed run my eye over the letter, I rit these words for the telegraff man. JEDEDIAH ROSS, ef I am spar'd an in my right mind I shel be ter hum this day of our lord afore the trees make their shadders in the park. MEHITABLE ROSS.

Sed I Master SAMUEL you ken go ter the mint and take down some of the names for your gransire, of the meddles that has been gin ter this United States by furrin powers, for theyr good behavior in times that hev passed by. And Mis BISSEL you ken pack up our alls for New York. Mis Ross woodent make me budge a hair, till he rit out in plain English, wife cum hum. I woodent take no hints from no man. Sed I, Mis BISSEL, theyr youd miss a figger. Ef a woman aint a nateral born fool, she take an easy hint, and do about whats right and reasonable without hevin plain English spoke ter her. You orter seen her tost up her head, and she shot inter the next room like a arrer out of a bow.

I never dreamed I should be inside of a nunnery, and shake hands, and a settin face ter face on a soffa with a livin and breathin nun that hed took the black veil for her hul life time. But I hev. Sed I ter the madam nun, I am a plain spoken woman and I raly want ter know ef you worship these ere picters that hang around your walls. Sed she no we dont do no sich thing. Wal, sed I, I believe you. Speak the truth. Sed I, fokes say you do, and they honestly believe its so—she smiled very good naterdly. Wal, we sot a talkin ter one another about the war and sich, for a pretty considerable spell, jest as ef we'd bin brung up in the same village. Sed I ter the madam nun ef it aint breakin your rule, I wan ter see more of this Eadon. And madam took me up inter the hall where theyr was too many beds ter count. They was all standin a long in rows made up jest as nice as wax work, and white dimmity curtain partitions betwixt um, so one scholar coodent see tother ondress. Sed I ter madam, you must love childern despotly ter tend on um all day and then ter cum and sleep in this room among sich a squad on um all night, ter hear um a breathin out of time, like a parcel of frogs in a pond. Ive got sich an ear for time it would set my eyes open as wide as a night owls! I found out they dont think it a sin ter laugh.

Wal, she went a tappin along through the iles and I followd arter her down the stairs, and we cum ter an entry way, and she took up a long shawl of lace and put it over my head, I was in a sorter of a wonderment. Sed she Mis Ross, Saint PAUL sed woman must hev her head civerd when she goes inter the Lord's house. Sed I Saint PAUL loved modesty, he sed a good many things. And I jest turned a speck, and I found myself in jest the prettyest meetin house I ever looked inter. She went and kneeled down before the Saviour, sich a sober stillness as was theyr. I coodent begin ter tell you what I see around the walls. But I do say—ef Ide bin sent when I was a little gal inter a convent ter git my edication, ef I hadent jined the nuns Ile be bound I should hev cum out a Roman Catholic.

I must jest speak a word about Doctor CHURCHBRIDE siterwation out of Philadelphia, that he has pland and worked on night and day for twenty year, a purpose ter intertain people that hev bin so unfortunate as ter hev theyr narves worked up at sich a pich, with one mishap and another, that theyr poor brains lost theyr balance. Sich a house and hum as he hes made for um, sich gardens, and pathes, and roads ter drive around in I coodent think of nothin on arth but Doctor JOHNSON's Happy Vally that he put prince RASSALUS inter. Ony these people seemed better satisfied with theyr lot and potion than he did. They was a driving around with theyr carrages and span of hosses, and shelland ponys. I dont read the *Herald*, nor no murder trials, nor nothin of the sort, but I get enough on sich things through Mis BISSEL, and accordin ter her account of the way fokes go on in the world, I dont wonder a poor woman cryed when the Doctor told her she was cured and she could go back ter her family. Ef I hed a thouand dollers I could call my own, Ide send ter him, ter bye more picters ter put on the walls of his house. He is a man that looks inter the human heart. He dont want no raps from sperits ter tell him what's ter be done for his fellow critters.

I spose I hant seen the half of the City, but I will say that I never see so much sloppin around ter keep cleen as Ive seen here, bearfootted gals a stoppin around in the arternoon with brooms looked amazin shiftless ter me. Ef I was the mare Ide put a stop to't.

Your obedient servant,
MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—Ive seen a sight, and Ive hearn a sight, and ef Ime givin time Ile be bound fort I shel seen more. But one thing you ken depend on I shel stand by the Union. Ime raly glad ABRAHAM LINCOLN keeps shet up in his study, and I raly hope the fokes that he hes got ter help him will keep theyr thinkin caps on um, and ef they find the spot theyr in, a spot that they dont feel equal ter let um give it up ter somebody that ken do better. Fokes aint sich fools that they dont know what they ken do. I coodent make a decent bunnet ef I was ter be jibiled fort. Let them that ken is my centiments. M. R.

"THE SITUATION."

I.

There's a splendid country going to seed,
A people living in sorest need,
And animals running short of feed,
For want of means and labor ;
There's a bogus Government, made with skill,
By a leader who always lied with a will,
Some say in his grave he is Lying Still,
Our most cantankerous neighbor !

II.

There are grass-grown cities and useless ports,
A Cabinet awfully out of sorts,
A host of merchants troubled with "shorts,"
Whose credit is getting rotten ;
There are empty ware-rooms, gloomy and wide,
Where rats and bats and cats abide,
In holes and corners they love to hide,
That ought to be crammed with cotton.

III.

There's a bankrupt treasury, dead flat broke,
A monstrous scheme that must end in smoke,
Too funny for fact, too sad for a joke,
Though the promises all were palmy ;
There's a fetter on every pen and tongue,
A daily tissue of lies out-flung,
A navy of pirates who ought be hung,
And a half-starved, mutinous army.

IV.

Now, let us look on the other hand,
Where bravely here in the Northern land,
A nation of patriots takes its stand,
For a Union none may sever :
However the traitorous South may rave,
We love the liberty WASHINGTON gave,
And the Star-spangled Banner shall proudly wave,
Above us forever and ever !

V.

There's an army hundreds of thousands strong,
Ready to march on the dastard throng,
Who leave the Right and cleave to the Wrong,
When most their country needs them ;
An army whose weapons are hardly toys—
Who can fight as easy as make a noise,
An army of regular "hunky boys,"
And General MCCLELLAN leads them !

VI.

So hasten the day when we shall see,
A nation re united and free,
Shouting for Union and Liberty—
A whole and regenerate nation ;
To grow and flourish again in peace,
When the knavish Rebels their mischief cease
And the Union once more holds the lease,
Of a happier Situation !

A Prolific Matron.

For the Union, Virginia claims to be the Mother of Presidents. For Disunion, V. F. is willing to admit that she is the Mother of Precedents.

A NUISANCE OF THE DAY.

JONES NEVER STOPS TO SPEAK WITH A FRIEND IN THE STREET WITHOUT RESTING HIS HANDS ON HIS HIPS. SUPPOSE NOW, JONES, THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD DO THE SAME

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

All the Year Round. Published simultaneously in London and New-York. J. M. EMERSON.

A. T. Y. R., (not being paid by the publishers for this notice, which, of course is going to be "first-rate," we must be brief and make use of initials,) is apparently a Magazine, (yellow-covered we regret to say,) which like the *London Times* has derived a momentary fame from its English comments on American affairs.

(A thought strikes us—is it?—no—no—this writer is too lively—it cannot be RUSSELL.)

A. T. Y. R.'s American Correspondent, whoever he is, has seen and done some quite remarkable things here. For instance, taking a Boston horse-car one pleasant afternoon, (see July No.) he rode out, "past LONGFELLOW'S pleasant home, and up to the beautiful cemetery on the banks of the Schuylkill."

We have been requested by the Secretary of the Society for the Encouragement of Cruelty to Animals, to inquire of *A. T. Y. R.* whether the driver, (who, strange to say, "was not in livery," and therefore cannot be identified, we suppose,) stopped anywhere on the route to bait his horses, and if so, whether at Baton Rouge, or at the Nova Scotia Stage House; both being equally convenient?

Our English friend also, as a matter of course, like other English tourists constantly hears from the lips of American gentlemen such expressions as "*Jee-wilikins, eventuate, latitudinosity*, and *circumlocutoriness*." We have unceasingly regretted that such rather intense language should so generally prevail in the highest circles of American Society. Be it the proud mission of *A. T. Y. R.* to infuse a pure and classic style into our scholarship and oratory.

In the August No. we find him tendering us the kindly hope, (as yet but imperfectly realised, perhaps,) that "slavery requires no sword to kill it. It is fast fading away, and has been found improfitable." After this, of course, we felt easier at once, and were quite satisfied with what we had already read.

But even before we lighted upon this ingenious contributor, the title of the Periodical had somewhat puzzled us. *All the Year Round*, it seems, is not an Annual, but being a "Weekly Journal," is therefore published in New York once a month. "With it," we are further informed, "is incorporated *Household Words*." Letting alone the grammar of this statement which is, of itself, atrocious, and simply recalling the household words with which we are familiar, and which are inseparable in our mind from housekeeping bills and milliner's "little accounts," our only wonder is, that the editor (one C. DICKENS, we believe,) manages to hold out All the Year Round so patiently as he does. Perhaps the Incorporation Act strengthens him.

In truth this is the age of Magazines, and Periodical literature is the peculiar pride of the Period. So be it, say we of course; or as we thought of remarking of the Flagship Minnesota (but didn't quite do it), "long may it wave."

The Defenders of the Union. GOUPIL & Co., (M. KNOEDLER, Successor,) 772 Broadway.

A very spirited lithograph, with fair portraits of SCOTT, MCCLELLAN, ANDERSON, MCDOWELL, BANKS, HEINTZLEMAN, FREMONT, WOOL, DIX, BUTLER, SIEGEL, and Commodore STRINGHAM.

The true Defenders of the Faith, they should become popularized.

Rebellion Record. Part 7. Containing the Battle of Bull Run, or Stone Bridge, (from every point of view,) authentically described and illustrated, (with a Map, with positions, &c., prepared expressly for this work by Gen. Barry, U. S. A.) New York: G. P. PUTNAM, 532 Broadway. 1861.

As long as we have to stare this disagreeable subject steadily in the face, it is better that we should be enabled to do it with the best possible light that can be brought to bear upon it. As a faithful record of the War this work of PUTNAM'S is the only really reliable one published, and we trust it meets with due encouragement.

The Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, being the History of what they saw and did in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, by Richard Doyle. New York: D. APPLETON & Co. 1861.

Edwin of Deira, by Alexander Smith. Author's Edition. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS. 1861. *New-York:* SHELDON & Co.

We have a distinct recollection of having been thrown into a spasm by "A Life Drama" several years ago, from which we were happily relieved by a dose of "Firmilian" in Blackwood shortly after. Laboring under this reminiscence we approached EDWIN very cautiously, but found upon close examination he was a right pleasant youth to travel with, and therefore tendering our heartfelt thanks to MR. SMITH, and Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS that he is so, we herewith cheerfully hand in our mite of endorsement to help him along.

Confederacy and the English Press.

Among the military movements chronicled in a late number of the Memphis *Avalanche*, the following has a powerful flavor:

"A procession of several hundred stout negro men, members of the "domestic institution," marched through our streets yesterday in military order, under command of Confederate officers. They were all armed and equipped with shovels, axes, blankets, &c. A merrier set was never seen. They were brimful of patriotism, shouting for JEFF DAVIS, and singing war songs, and each looked as if he only wanted the privilege of shooting an abolitionist."

This is conclusive. The Southern Confederacy, backed by the English Press, takes a leaf from the *Illustrated London News*, and issues a colored Supplement.

The Bears and the Blairs.

So far as we know, at present, the difficulty between General FREMONT and the indefinite number put down as "all the BLAIRS" appears to have arisen from the contracting, if not contracted, views of the latter party. Although a Mountain man, JOHN C. FREMONT is also a Plain man. The cry of "Bear and for Bear!" was never ignored by him when there was a grizzly in view; but he seems to be quite deaf to that of "BLAIR and for BLAIR!" when there's nothing but a contract in view.

English Reprints.

IN THE PRESS OF V. F.

Frederick the Great. By CARLYLE.

Crock-Pieces. By CRABBE.

The above named works will illustrate, with singular felicity, the state of feeling in England regarding American Affairs.

Not at all New.

British Neutrality.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, MO.

AS WE UNDERSTAND IT FROM THE TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES.

Our readers have undoubtedly found the accounts of Col. MULLIGAN'S besiegement and surrender in Missouri, a little involved, to say the least. We are intimately acquainted with a fine, gentle-spirited youth, who has become partially idiotic through an attempt to make out the details of the battle, from the daily papers.

He stood out manfully against the *Herald's* "Situation," but began to fail after perusing the *Times*. When he accomplished the *Tribune's* "Latest War News," he at once commenced gibbering, and the *World* finished him.

To prevent a recurrence of such terrible results, we have decided to prepare a careful account of the engagement, drawn from such telegrams as have been received. Although we have taken infinite pains to make it clear and plain, we fear that some trifling obscurities may linger about it yet, and advise young persons, and those of feeble intellect to read only one half of it at a sitting.

General PRICE, with four thousand rebels, besieged Colonel MULLIGAN (no relation to WILLIAM) with two hundred Union troops, at the town of Lexington, Mo. MULLIGAN was intrenched on a ridge, and PRICE was at Old Town. PRICE sent a flag of truce to MULLIGAN, commanding him to surrender. MULLIGAN replied that PRICE might go to —— where he belonged.

PRICE then besieged Lexington with thirty thousand men, and MULLIGAN gave him battle. From Monday morning till Friday morning, MULLIGAN with his three thousand soldiers, without water or food, fought against PRICE incessantly. The loss was very great. MULLIGAN lost nine hundred men killed, out of eight hundred total. PRICE lost seven thousand. He was taken ill, as usual, at the beginning of the engagement, and cried for peppermint. It is said that his tones were heartrending.

At five o'clock on Friday morning, MULLIGAN was compelled to capitulate. PRICE took another dose of peppermint and went to demand MULLIGAN'S sword. MULLIGAN, like a hunky boy . . . which he appears to be . . . refused to give it up; so the chivalrous gentlemen of PRICE'S staff had to take it by force. A squad assisted. The gentlemen of the staff did not.

The accounts of the actual fighting grow so indistinct and contradictory as they proceed, that we are not inclined to place much faith in them. We are not altogether sure that there was any real action, although it may have seemed as if there was one. The report comes from Springfield, Mass., by way of Penobscot, where it was brought by the Boston mail-agent for Syracuse, and is confirmed by all the passengers of the same train.

If MULLIGAN surrendered . . . and we own that we have no reason to think that he did . . . the United States flag was still flying over his intrenchments at six o'clock on Saturday morning. Although the rebels have shown themselves averse to any endeavor to occupy a field whereon they have been successful (*vide* Big Bethel, Bull Run, etc.,) one would think they might have held Lexington after MULLIGAN and his men were taken. It seems probable, however, that PRICE'S disorder has become chronic, and his illness may have prevented him from having the Star-Spangled Banner hauled down. Especially if MULLIGAN was still on hand.

Up to Saturday night, no report of any battle had reached Smith's Corners, two and a half miles from Lexington, and very few people in Lexington, even, knew anything of MULLIGAN'S surrender. It is not certain that PRICE knows anything about it yet.

Later and more reliable news confirm all the above.

"HOOP-DE-DOODEN-DOO."

One is quite sure to hear a great many allusions to the Star-Spangled Banner and GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN whenever one visits a place of amusement in Broadway, be that place the festive concert saloon or the stately and splendid theatre. So far as the theatres are concerned this sort of thing is perhaps more heartrending at LAURA KEENE'S than elsewhere, although it must be confessed that the "Patriot's Dream" at BARNUM'S a short time since contained some "Union sentiments" of a fearfully far-fetched character. In that awful drama Major ANDERSON sang Hail Columbia, assisted, we believe, by WINFIELD SCOTT and GEO. B. MCCLELLAN. Major ANDERSON'S voice, we remember, was very queer, and the vocalization of W. SCOTT and G. B. MCCLELLAN was decidedly shaky. We have not seen "Bull Run" at the New Bowery—we heard enough about *that* in old Virginia—but we understand the Stars and Stripes wave all round, and under, and over everybody and everything.

In times like these, that sad and dejected person, the comic vocalist, may be excused for extemporizing the genial patriotic gag in moderate quantities. But he will not *do it* in moderate quantities. On the contrary, he insists, with a pertinacity peculiar to comic vocalists, in submerging us in a wild sea of utterly incomprehensible and maniacal patriotic gags, squeaking "Here's to GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN," in one bad breath, while in the next he pipes "Hoop-de-dooden-doo," when no living man knows what "Hoop-de-dooden-doo" means, and of course we recoil with undisguised horror from any attempt to analyze it—we allude to "Hoop-de-dooden-doo."

Again: many performers seek and obtain popular favor by interpolating star-spangled gags into their parts who, relying upon their own legitimate merit, would be forced to retire from public life before a thunder-storm of indifferent eggs and decayed cabbages. The loyal citizen rather regards it as a matter of duty to applaud a complimentary allusion to the American Flag, no matter how stupid and far-fetched the allusion may be. The performer knows this, and makes the most of it.

New York is loyal to the core. That proud fact is established beyond peradventure. Then why should our places of amusement overwhelm us and drive us to the borders of gibbering idiocy with the patriotic gag? We calmly, but with much feeling repeat, Why? "Gentle Shepherd, tell me why."

VANITY FAIR'S EASY LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY—No. 1.

SYRACUSE.

Syracuse is in York State. It is bounded on the north by bridges, on the south by bridges—in short, it abounds in bridges. Its chief productions are salt, political conventions and pretty girls. But salt is the great feature of the town. The water is all salt, and the elderly persons are all "old salts." The politicians, being a little rough, may be called Coarse or Rock Salt. The young ladies, being very fine, may be termed superior Table Salt. There is no "sell" in them, and hence they cannot be called salt-cellars. Down-easters regard

"By the salt sea wave"

as a good thing, but you can *buy* it cheaper in Syracuse. Invalids from neighboring towns frequently go and take a dose of Syracuse, the excellent medicinal qualities of salts having been thoroughly established in Central New York as well as elsewhere. Everything is salt in Syracuse. Corned beef roams the streets at will. Nice pickled perch meander the peaceful brooks, and pickled lambs bleat in the adjacent pastures. Pickled live pork is also a common thing in Syracuse. Every citizen has a pickled tongue of his own. It was while crossing one of the multifarious bridges of Syracuse that Mrs. LOT "looked back," and at once changed to a pillar of salt—a sad warning to all Syracuse ladies not to look back. Mrs. LOT is no more, but there are lots of Lots left in Syracuse, and corner ones are quite valuable.

Politicians from the back counties have been known to go to "the Syracuse Convention" very fresh, and return home pretty well salted down.

The "salt tear" is occasionally seen to glisten in the eye of some gentle-hearted Syracusian.

It never rains in Syracuse—it *brines*.

It cannot be said of the young ladies of Syracuse that they are "neither sugar nor salt"—they are both.

And so our geographical editor, who has been secured at immense expense, blesses Syracuse, and leaves her. Next week he will furnish some equally valuable information of some other town.

Bells which should be well hung.

Rebels.